Rom. Farewell.
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, Love, to thee.
Jul. O thinkst thou we shall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill divining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art so low
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe;
Either my eye-sight failes or thou lookst pale.
Rom. And trust me love in my eye so doe you,
Dry sorrow drinkes our blood. Adieu, adieu.

Exit.

Jul. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? it is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Juliet*?
Jul. Madam I am not well.
La. Evermore weeping for your cousins death?
What? wilt thou wash him from his grave with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done, some griefe shewes much of love,
But much of griefe shewes still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weepe for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Jul. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but ever weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine lives which slaughtered him.

Jul. What villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine *Romeo*.
Jul. Villaine and he be many miles asunder,
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. That is because the Traitor lives.
Jul. I Madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousins death.
La. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weep no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibalt* company,
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfi'd.
Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfi'd
With *Romeo* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, so for a kinsman vext.
Madam, if you could finde out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it,
That *Romeo* should upon receit thereof
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhorres
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the love I bore my cousin,
Upon his body that hath slaughtred him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile finde such a man.
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Girle.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they I beseech your Ladiship?
Mo. Well, well thou hast a carefull father childe,
One, who to put thee from thy heavinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is that?
Mo. Marry my childe early next thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyfull Bride.